France - Ligue

(6)

THE Proces or vnpardonable crimes committed by the Parisians Leaguers, who haue beene Authors of all the troubles, warres, and calamities in *France, and at this present feeling them selues oppressed with miserie, in most humble sort doe* seeke and intreat to come vnto composition.

Wherein all true subiectes may learne to beware, not to resist and rebel against their Soueraign, *by any allurements of Traytours and seditious men.*

LONDON.
Printed by Iohn Wolfe, and are to be solde by Edward White. 1590.

The proceſor vnpardonable crimes committed by the Pariſians, Leaguers, who haue bin Authors of all the troubles, wars, and calamities in France, and at this preſent feeling themſelues oppreſſed with miſery, in moſt humble ſort do ſeeke and intreat to come vnto compoſition.

SEe the procedings of theſe graceles men,
Traitours vntrue, caſt downe in follies den,
That dareth yet their heades together raiſe,
Without ſubmiſſion ſeeking long delaies,
And yet like beaſts moſt blindly led aſtray:
After much miſchiefe acted many a way.
Cauſing ſuch tumults troubles and debate,
Bringing them ſelues in miſerable ſtate,
And now not able any more to doe,
Seeing no meanes for them to truſt vnto.
Cries to the King as folke in danger drowned,
Wee will compound, O king we will compound,

Article. 2.

After I ſay that they had lewdly beene,
Authors of all the miſchiefe that was ſeene:
Protelting ſtill them ſelues for to imploy,
In cruell ſort the godly to deſtroy.
And hauing ſcrapped within and eke without,
Their gold and treaſure al the realm throughout.
All this they did with purpoſe bad and euill.
Euen as they were incenced by the deuill.
In bloudy broiles them ſelues for to aduance,
Againſt the Princes and the peeres of France,
For which they crie as men in danger drowned,
Wee will compound, O king wee wil compound.

Article. 3.

Who hath hereby abuſd their noble kings,
Broken their lawes which peace & plenty brings.
And in their rage and furie moſt vntaide,
Their famous citie a bucherie they made.
By a moſt bloody maſſacre vnkinde,
That neuer can be driuen out of minde.

And ready was a greater sence to make,
But that the Lord their swordes in péces brake.
And by a worke most wonderfull had brought,
Their wilde intents most damnable to naught.
But now they crie as men in danger drownd,
Wée will compound, O king we wil compound.

Article. 4.

And in like manner did they chase away
Their noble king most shamefully I say.
Euen from his Cittie chiefe and principall,
And from his faire and kingly house withall.
Defaming him in most dissopall sort,
His name, his fame, and déedes of princely port.
And in the end (a shamefull thing to tell)
Whē they perceiud their matters framd not wel.
Most cursedly to stint their hatefull strife,
By murder then they sought to end his life.
But now they crie as men in danger drownd,
Wée will compound, O king wee wil compound.

Article. 5.

Not then content when liberty they had,
To be in bardes, in euill they will be mad.
Like to a people that doth daily cry,
Alas, alas, for sorrow here wée die.
The wicked toy which in them seemd to spring,
Euen for the death of their most sacred king.
Which they them selues had murdered in spite,
And at his funerall triumphed in delight:
O noble Princes how can your hearts abide,
Their poisoned words which they wō flattery hide
And yet can cry as men in danger drownd,
Wée will compound, O king we will compound.

Article. 6.

Haue they their king in his Sepulcar cast?
Yet more enuious foes in wrath did neuer last,

Foes

Foes to the state and to the publique peace,
An heretique said they did late diseak,
Against all right then did they undertake,
Another King in prison they did make,
Thinking by Buls to gaine their harts desire,
But yet their mules did throw them in the mire,
That whē they thought to clime they caght a fal,
Which on a sodains quickly spoiled all.
So that they crie as men in danger drownd,
Wee wil compound, O king we will compound.

Article. 7.

Through mallice great that boiled in their brest.
They did revolt as they supposd it best.
Each one of them did shew their greatest power,
Yea all consented every day and hower:
Their cursed league to strengthen and maintayn,
To raise new wars with al their might & mayn.
Against the Prince of Bourbons royall race,
Taking the Guises kindred in his place,
Estéming chiefe the traitours Duke De Maine.
Whose lewd attempts was proued bad in fine.
Who now cries out with all their forces round,
Wee will compound, O king we will compound.

Article. 8.

And in the end their last farewell to take,
Of Duke De Maine their strongest fort to make,
They ioinde their forces with his army then,
O traitours false and most disloiall men.
Which daily sought the royall bloud to spill,
Triumphing much that they their king did kill,
Their king is dead, and yet their king doth liue,
That for their deedes iust recompence doth giue.
And through the God that guids and governs all.
They see then selues brought into cruell thrall.
Which makes thē cry as men in danger drownd,
Wee wil compound, O king wee will compound.

Article. 9.

Haue they discharged their garrisons ech where:
Of Spaniards, Lorrains, & Wallons here & there
Or is there army discomfited and fled:
That often bragd the Bourbons blood to shed,
The peereles Duke and is he run away:
Their other leaders slaine or brough to bay:
Brieſe are they beaten all on every side:
And are they now abated of their pride:
And did they lose the victorie in an hower:
For all their strong their great & mighty power:
Then may they crie as men in danger drownd,
Wee will compound, O king wee will compound.

Article. 10.

The rectour of the schooles and scholliers all,
The Austine friers most lusty fatte and tall,
The newe-found secte of Jesuites likewise,
The creeping Cranes for sword and fier cries,
And in their Sermons daily moues to warre,
Perswading men vnto a mortall iarre,
When by their brother Jacobin I say
They thought to beare the victorie away,
Yet from these matters quite declining now,
Distres hath made them for to bend and bow.
Singing this song like men in danger drownd,
Wee will compound, O king we will compound.

Article. 11.

The Romane legate stout and proud of minde,
Frō Rome brought fire which France to fierce did
Acknowleging Charls, & not ỹ Henry hee, (finde,
Should raign as king, if Pope obaide shoulde bee.
Though al the world with plain and a clear sight,
Doth know full well it is king Henries right.
Henry I say a prince of glorious fame,
And now in France the fourth king of that name.

Which

Which makes them all vnto the water runne,
To quench the fire that late so fierce did burne.
The legat hearing al mens voices sound,
We will compound, O king we will compound.

Article, 12.

You Englishmen, you States & Flemings heere,
Iudge I desire the Frenchmens doings here,
Which if they durst would to the Spaniards yéeld
If by their meanes they might attaine the feeld.
And if they could the lawfull heire beate down,
They would contract these strangers to ẏ crown.
Wherein their wrong and folly doth appeare,
The best of them would buie the bargaine deare,
But seeing all these proffers will not proue,
And that the Lorde their succours doth remoue.
All cry at once which deepe distres haue found,
We will compound, O king we will compound.

Article. 13.

Much like vnto a wicked farmour set,
In such a place where he great gaines may get,
And for the lucar of his gaines vnknowne,
Would dispose the Landlord of his owne,
And seeke by law to hold away his right,
By briberie, fraud, by countenance and might.
And after seeing all will not preuaile,
When of his purpose he is like to faile,
And that his paines, his trauell and his cost,
In vaine is spent and all his money lost.
Like such a one, these peoples cries are found,
We wil compound, O king we will compound.

Article. 14.

Or like vnto a most notorious theefe,
A bloody wretch that was in murder cheefe.
That had from place to place in prison beene,
From sundry thefts and murders that was seene.

Whose

Whose wicked dedes had cruell death deserude,
Though from the same he was a while preserude.
And furthermore attempted had to kill
His noble grace, whom God defendeth still,
Yet durst presume in shamcles sort to craue,
A pardon meete his lothed life to saue.
Such is the sute which in these men is found,
Crying in griefe, O king wee will compound.

Article. 15.

As soone they may suppose by rage extreme,
To teare and pull the sonne from out of heauen,
As by the force of armed men in field,
To foile the prince which God himself doth shield.
Of persons then that haue rebellious beene,
Let them be turnd and humble subiects seene.
And for their faults as it is right and meete,
Let them fal down euen at their Souerains feete,
Al rage and rancor from them let they then fling,
And from their harts cry all God saue the King.
And not like geese stand gagling on the ground,
Saying O king, Oh king we will compound.

Article. 16.

If in their mindes this motion neuer went,
That wicked men shall feele Gods punishment.
For there rebellion throughout all estates,
Will sodaine vengeance fall euen at their gates,
And so by litle, and by litle then,
They will become perforce obedient men.
All robbery and pillage set aside,
And by their labour maintenance prouide.
When al their souldiers like Citizens wel known
Shall liue like men, in houses of their owne.
Then neede they not in griefe of hart resound,
We will compound, O king wee will compound.

FINIS.